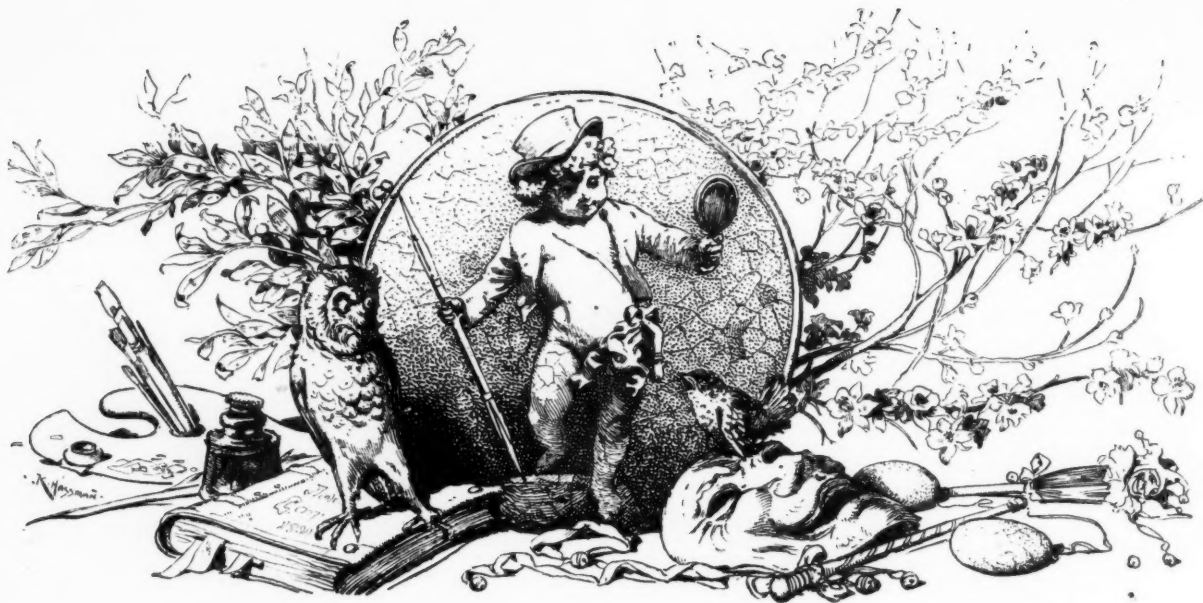




SET IN THEIR WAYS.

"WELL, THE YOUNG FOLKS MAY GO IF THEY WANT TO, BUT THEY'LL NEVER GET
YOU AND ME IN THE BREAKNECK THING."



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
295-300 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1784. WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1911.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

THE HEAD OF THE HEAD OF THE ARMY. **T**HE head of a big concern ought to have some say in its management. General LEONARD WOOD is the head of a big concern, the Army of the United States. One would think, therefore, that he ought to have some say in the management of that army, some say in what is good and what is bad for the men who compose it. For instance, when General Wood, head of the United States Army, a physician as well as a soldier, is of the opinion that "the effect of the abolition of the canteen is almost unqualifiedly bad," a visitor from Mars or the Moon would doubtless ask blandly: "Why, then, does n't he restore the canteen, whatever it is?" To be sure; why does n't he? General Wood is the commander-in-chief of the army; why does n't he restore the canteen, if the effect of its abolition is unqualifiedly bad? Two conclusions are possible: One is that General Wood is anxious to perpetuate bad conditions in the army—hardly a serious supposition; the other, as far at least as the canteen is concerned, is that General Wood is not the head of the United States Army; which unfortunately is the fact. The canteen was abolished by act of Congress at the instance of women Prohibitionists and only by act of Congress can it be restored. There is now before Congress a bill to restore it, and it remains to be seen whether the word of men like General Wood, word based on experience and knowledge of

army conditions, will carry more weight than the fury of the Prohibition Podsnaps. The canteen was abolished in the name of Temperance because—Gracious Heaven!—the American soldier could buy beer there! A good many men in the army drink beer, but

same time the ease with which men might get strong liquor was in no way abridged. Would the result be a triumph for temperance or the reverse? Answer that question frankly and you will not wonder at General Wood's conclusions concerning the abolition of the canteen. Professing to act in the name of Temperance, the Prohibitionists through Congress ousted the greatest force for Temperance in the army, and if they can they will keep it ousted. In this they will have the eager and enthusiastic support of every dive and blind-tiger proprietor, from Maine to the Philippines, whose establishment adjoins an army reservation. "The general object of those in control of these establishments," says General Wood, in a letter quoted in the *North American Review*, "is to secure as much of the soldier's money as possible and in the minimum of time. It is in these places that he falls into the hands of the harpies, male and female, who make it their business to fill him up and get possession of his money, through one means or another, as rapidly as possible. If total abstinence in the community were possible of accomplishment, it would undoubtedly be a consummation devoutly to be wished, but the most we can hope for now is a well-ordered temperance. The canteen, properly handled, secured this result." Is it too much to expect that those responsible for the United States Army, for its personnel, its general health, and its behavior in times of peace, shall some day be entrusted with the control of it?



? HOW SHALL HE CUT IT ?

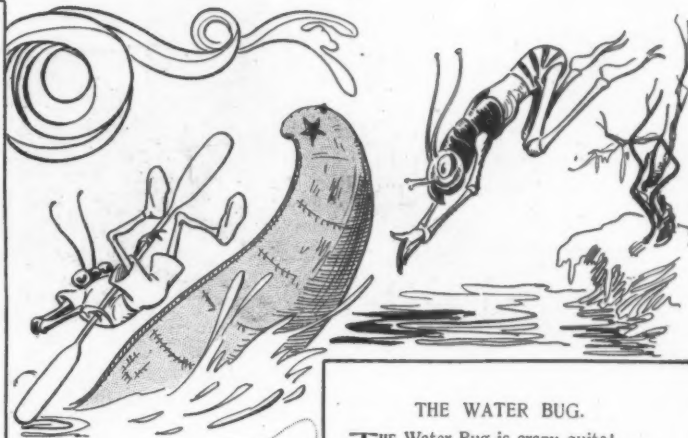
HE WANTS TO EAT HIS CAKE AND HAVE IT TOO.

compared with those outside of the army who drink it their number is insignificant. Suppose, just for argument, it were possible to prohibit the sale of beer everywhere in the United States, and such prohibition took effect. At the

The Bugs of Spring

THE BASEBALL BUG.

THE Baseball Bug's the first we note,
A Bug of tough and brazen throat,
Whose ordinary tone of speech
Is half a roar and half a screech;
On Bleachers he is mostly found,
Creating divers kinds of sound,
Like "Oh, you robber! Oh, you chump!
Who ever chose you for an Ump?
—Yah! Slide, you Hogan! That's the style!
What? OUT? He made it by a MILE!
Aw, get an Umpire, he's too raw!
Ain't he the worst you ever saw?"
The Baseball Bug, when he's at home,
Has Baseballitis in his dome;
He reads the dope, he keeps the score,
At office, restaurant, and store;
He talks the Game with wisdom deep,
He dreams and talks it in his sleep;
You well may smile with comfort snug
If you are not a Baseball Bug!



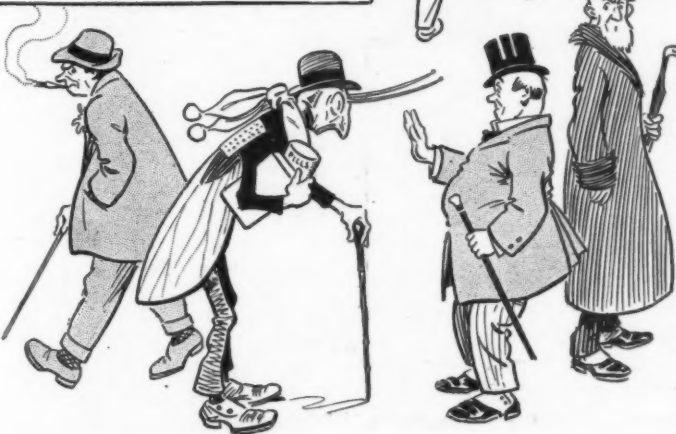
THE WATER BUG.

THE Water Bug is crazy quite!
Before the ice is out of sight
He doffs his duds and plunges in
Despite the gooseflesh on his skin;
He paddles in a birch canoe
And overturns a time or two;
He takes you in his little launch
Which he describes as very staunch,
And when the engine stops—alack!
You help him row the blame thing back.
The Water Bug, for all his vim,
Quite often has n't learned to swim,
And when his sailing craft upset
Somebody pulls him from the wet
And rolls him on a barrel, till
He's quite recovered from his spill;
He thanks his rescuers, and then
Resumes his fool career again.
He is a very nervy "mug,"
This funny, dippy Water Bug!



THE AILMENT BUG.

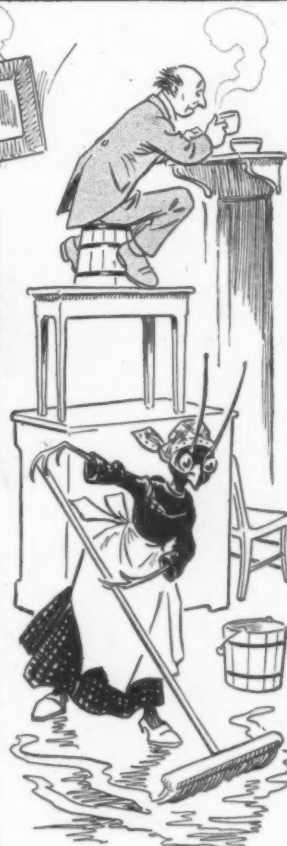
WHAT is this poor, benighted Dope
That loves to sit and moan and mope?
It is the Ailment Bug, whose fad
Is always feeling very bad;
And which, when all the world's immersed
In Springtime gladness, feels the worst.
You ask this Bug the way it feels;
It says it cannot eat its meals;
It gives you all its symptoms, too,
And they are neither brief nor few.
With such a story not content
It tells you just how much it's spent
On every doctor it has tried,
And of the remedies applied;
And, whether feminine or male,
It has the same distressing wail;
Its conversation's like a drug,—
Beware, beware the Ailment Bug!



THE CLEANING BUG.

WHEN Lovely Woman feels the surge
And thrill of Spring, the "Cosmic Urge,"
When all the breezes call to her,
And every fibre is astir,
She ties a towel 'round her brows
Upsets the house, forgets her spouse,
And thus becomes that funny thing—
The Cleaning Bug—of which I sing.
Armed with a broom, a brush, a rag,
A duster as her battle-flag,
She charges at her grimy foe
(The Dirt that does—or does n't—show).
She brushes, scratches, scrapes, and rubs,
She shines and polishes and scrubs;
In every spot, by every means,
She cleans and cleans and cleans and cleans!
Her husband has to help himself
And eat from any handy shelf,
For though he search with eager eye
There is no place to sit or lie;
His home—once easy, calm, and snug—
Is captured by the Cleaning Bug!

Berton Braley.





A TEST OF OPTIMISM.

Our friend, D. Dodge Dett, gives a reading from his latest book: "Pæans of an Optimist." Among those prominently present are the first Mrs. Dodge, with her lawyer, Buttons, the laundryman, and Snitzz of the delicatessen, creditors.

THE NEW SINE QUA NON.

THEY'VE sent us word that pa's indicted
Because he's been restraining trade;
Now folks by whom we have been slighted
Will cease to think us second grade;
The Carmours in their proud position,
Compelled to furnish heavy bail,
Will have to give us recognition,
For father may be sent to jail.



The Battens and the Gotameyers,
The oily Oil men, and the rest,
Who think themselves the highest fliers
And figure they're the country's best,
Will have to cease to treat us coldly
Because our riches are so new;
At last we hold our heads up boldly,
For pa has been indicted, too.

For years we have been vainly trying
To enter the exclusive set;
Now ma may cease her futile sighing,
And sister will no longer fret;
The splendid goal we've sought is sighted,
Our advent cannot be delayed;
They've sent us word that pa's indicted
For joining in restraint of trade!

S. E. Kiser.

POSTAGE AND PACKING.

"WHEN I was a gander-necked youth," pessimistically remarked the Old Codger, "I had a habit of answering advertisements wherein Wonder Books, Golden Boxes of Goods, and other rare bargains were offered absolutely free; all I had to do was to send a certain number of cents to pay for postage and packing. Somehow, when I received my loot, the Golden Boxes did n't glitter enough to injure my eyesight, the Wonder Books caused me to wonder why anybody wondered at them, the rare bargains were more or less raw, and, of course, the postage and packing cost more than the goods were worth.

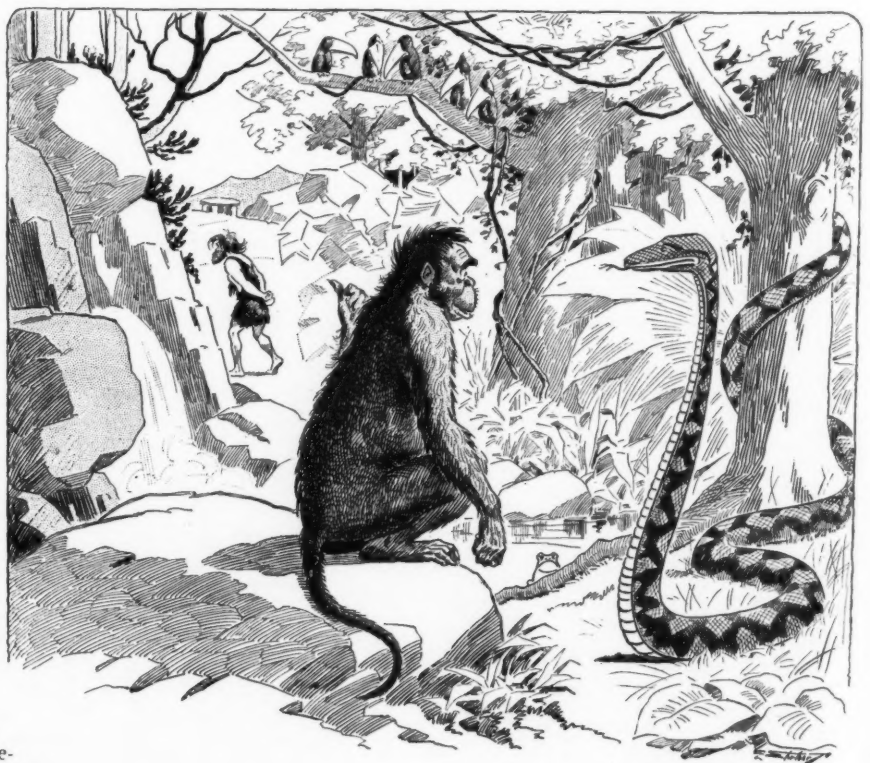
"I continued to indulge in the pleasures of hope from time to time, as my means permitted, for it was hard for me to get it thoroughly through my head that it is almost impossible to get something for nothing unless you are holding a Government job. Truth to tell, even yet I every little while catch myself paying for postage and packing. Whenever a suave stranger remarks to me in tones of deep respect that he always hunts up the most influential and intellectual man in the community first, I—oh, well, that's postage and packing. When I am asked to head a Public Movement because my well-known prominence will give great weight to the project—it's postage and packing! I once ran for the Legislature at the earnest solicitation of many friends, and paid the postage and packing.

"I sometimes fear that when we raise a fund to send a tub-shaped person as a missionary we pay slightly too much for postage and packing. And in the case of a few marriages I have known I have suspected that the groom was being overcharged for postage and packing. Same way when we dig up funds to erect monuments for causes of various sorts. When a new political party hops up to reconstruct the country, or a wild-haired cult appears, or a gentleman wishes to explore some remote and inconsequential region, or certain earnest ladies with double chins desire to mark the Santa Fé trail, and so on, and so on, we, the Dear People, are expected to pay the postage and packing. And we generally do it.

"And so, although I don't suppose I'll ever be radically cured of being a come-on for persons with postage and packing for sale, I don't greatly mind it, for I have so very, very much congenial company in my foolishness. Pretty much all of us are faithfully working for an income sufficient to enable us to pay the postage and packing on something that we'd be fully as lucky if we could n't get."

Tom P. Morgan.

ONE of the most evident characteristics of this horseless age seems to be the absence of horse-sense.



IN EDEN.

THE SERPENT.—What's Adam so grouchy about to-day?

THE APE.—Oh, he says that the arrival of woman means that all his plans for universal peace have been knocked in the head for good.

Un happiness is very peculiar in that it may be caused indifferently either by the having or the not having almost anything.



THE AIRSHIP'S PREDECESSOR.

"Stephenson broke another record to-day. His *Rocket* made a flight of five miles, carrying four passengers, and left the rails only twice."

"Very remarkable achievement, very—but you can't tell me that the steam-engine will ever be of any real practical value."

IN A LIVERY-STABLE TOWN.

LIVERY-STABLE TOWN is usually a mile from the station—a mile of dust and mud, goats, chickens, tin cans, barbed wire, old garments, and ancient vehicles.

There are three livery-stables, a blacksmith-shop, and nine nickel-plated barrooms; a drug and picture-postcard store; and a grocery store, a hardware store, a general store, and a kind of a store.

There is a hotel in connection with a livery-stable. The livery-stables are most imposing edifices—Mission style, Romanesque, and Gothic. The churches and the hotel seem to be Caslon Old Style.

Your room at the hotel is over the barroom. This keeps you from being lonesome. If you want to take a nap so as to be at your best when you lecture in the evening, there is a youth on the sidewalk below your window whose business it is to keep you awake. He can make

more different kinds of noises than a menagerie. Some of them are so wonderful and excite so much curiosity that you must climb out of bed to see how he does it. He hails everybody he knows and regales them extensively. When there is nobody to be regaled he whistles. When his tune is worked out, and he can think of nothing else, he rolls a keg up and down.

In the middle of the night you are awakened by a startling apparition. An old lady is standing in her night-dress, a lamp in her hand, desperately trying to hang her clothes on imaginary hooks in the air. For some reason or other she cannot locate the hooks. You have given up all idea of rest, and are ready to be entertained by this latest novelty.

She is a nice-looking old lady in gold-rimmed specs. Her eyes rest upon you, lying in bed.

"Well, mercy me!" she says, and closes the door.

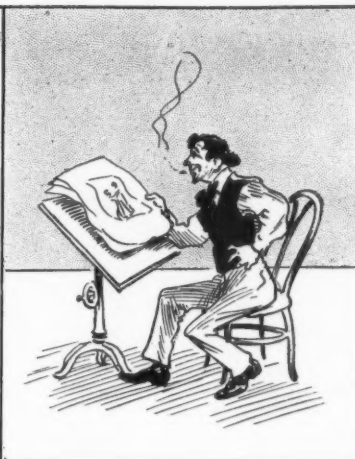
She evidently inadvertently mistook your room for a closet. You then proceed to sink to sleep with a smile.

Hamilton Pope Galt.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.



THE WRITER THINKS THE PAPER EXCELLENT BECAUSE HE WRITES FOR IT.



THE ARTIST THINKS IT IS HIS DRAWINGS IN IT THAT COUNT THE MOST.



THE ADVERTISING MAN SEES NOTHING ATTRACTIVE IN IT BUT THE ADVERTISING PAGES.



ONLY THE BLASE OFFICE-BOY HAS IT SIZED UP CORRECTLY.



A CENTURY AGO.

CONSERVATIVE CITIZEN.—It's a craze, sir; nothing but a craze; yet they tell me people are mortgaging their homes to buy the things!

AS TO "OUR CAR."



MR. SPLURGE (at the afternoon tea).—O, Mrs. Devere, how glad I am to see you! I was n't sure that I was coming myself until the last moment, or I would have 'phoned you and had you come with me in our car. We have a new car, you know. I really did n't care much about having an auto when they first came out, but I caught the fever, and I'm really sorry that I did n't catch it sooner. Such a convenience a car is! So many places you can go when you have a car that you can't very well go to without a car. I never realized how awfully convenient a car could be until—O, Mrs. Dentwilliger, how glad I am to see you! How sorry I am that I did n't know that you were planning to come, or I would surely have picked you up when I passed your house in our car, and—yes, we have a car. We have been talking about getting one for a long time, and finally decided we might as well have one. Such a convenience! I think we were just nine minutes coming from my home here, and you know it would have taken five times that long to have come on—O, Mrs. Van Slamm, how delighted I am to find you here! If I had only had my wits about me I might have stopped at your house and brought you with me in our car! But, truly, I did n't make up my mind to come myself until the last minute, and I would n't have come then only it was so easy to just step into our car and motor over here, and we—"

"Lovely spring weather, is n't it?"

"O, delightful! I thought this morning when I was out in our car that I could n't recall a more beautiful spring. We motored away out into the suburbs to make a morning call on the DeCourcys. That's the beauty of a car. It makes it so easy to see your friends who live a long distance from you, and—"

"I suppose you are going away some place this summer?"

"Yes. I think that we will go some place in the car. It is such—O, Mrs. Gabbleton, you here? I caught a glimpse of you on the street this morning when I was out in our car. If you had been going in my direction I would have surely picked you up, and—why, Mrs. Montgomerie! I did n't know that you were here! I was thinking of you this morning, and had half a mind to jump into our car and run over and have you take a little run with me. You really must some morning very, very soon! You know that—yes, we were there. We went in our car! I did n't see you there! So sorry I did n't run across you, for you could have gone home with us in our car just as well as not, and—"

"Have you called on our new minister yet?"

"O yes, indeed! We took him out in our car the other afternoon. His wife went with us and we liked them very much. I think that—O, Mr. Dawdleton, I did n't know that you were here! So

few gentlemen come to afternoon teas. I suppose that they would rather go out motoring. Well, really, since we have our car I don't blame them. I can readily understand how a gentleman would find more pleasure in motoring than in going to an afternoon tea. You have a car? I thought so. What make is yours? A Speeder? Really? Why, this is a real coincidence! Ours is a Speeder! Only think! O, Mrs. Rushwell, what do you think? Mr. Dawdleton has a Speeder car and we have one of the same make! Isn't it a little singular? You really must take a little turn with me in my car some day, Mrs. Rushwell. O, Mr. Sillibub, will you be so good as to step to the door and see if my car is there? I told the chauffeur that I would be ready by five-thirty, and you know how exacting these chauffeurs are. Really, one drawback to owning a car is the way one's chauffeur sometimes acts. I often say—O, my car is there, is it, Mr. Sillibub? Thanks. I really must go. I told my husband that I would run around by his office and pick him up on my way home. One advantage of a car is that—Good-by, dear. Remember that you have promised me that you would go out with me some day in our car, and I shall hold you to that promise. I think that people who own cars should keep in mind their friends who do not own cars, and—I really must be off, or I don't know what my chauffeur will say!"

Morris Wade.

THE FAVORED ONE.

TED.—How did you come to buy flowers for Dolly when you said you had no money?
NED.—I did n't; some other fellow bought them. I just fastened them in her dress.

HE ROSE.

FIRST CROOK.—Dey say he's at de top of our perfession. How's that?
SECOND DITTO.—He is. I can remember the time, too, when he was only a miscreant like meself, and now he's always spoken of as the "author of a series of crimes."

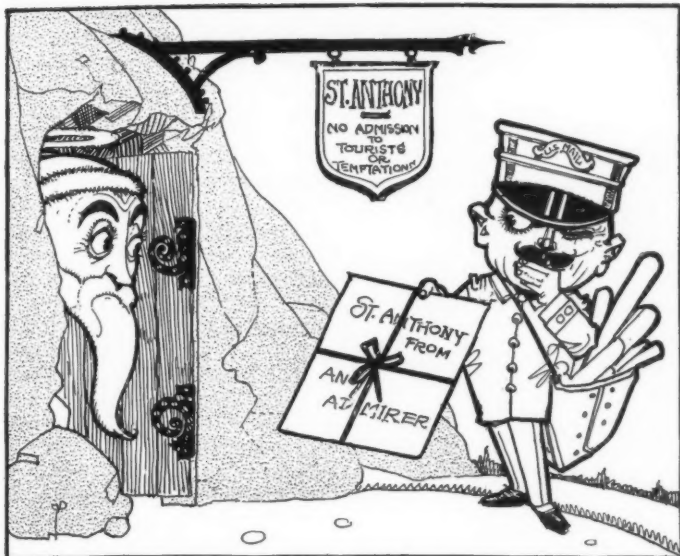


NOT UP TO HIM.

TEACHER.—Tell me! How do you prove that the earth is round?
DULL BUT SMART PUPIL.—I never said it was!

Adam sacrificed Paradise for a woman, knowing that she could make a Paradise of any old place.

Subsequent Temptations of Saint Anthony.



I.

Saint Anthony came promptly when he heard the postman's ring;
'T was many moons since anyone had sent him anything.



II.

"She writes to say," said Anthony, "she'd like to have me call;
I'm proof 'gainst most temptations, but here is where I fall."



III.

He hit the trail instanter, but he stopped upon the way
To change his sober sackcloth for some garments that were gay.



IV.

"O, Anthony, how good of you to come so quick," said she.
"I'd leave my happy cave for you most any time," quoth he.



V.

Just then appeared a caller in the shape of Duke de Beet;
He had a fortune, coronet, and title all complete.



VI.

"Temptation," hissed St. Tony, "will in future stand the show
That a friendless little snowball stands in regions down below."



THE PUCK PRESS

THE CLOSED CANTEEN AND

Puck (to Prohibition).—Look around: See whom you b



CANTEN AND THE OPEN DIVE.
 and: See whom you benefit while you keep that sluice-gate shut!



WEEK BEGINNING MAY EIGHTH.

Belasco, Bway nr. 47th. "The Concert," with Leo Dietrichstein. Evenings 8:15. Americanized version of a German farce.
 Broadway, Bway and 41st. Lew Fields in "The Henpecks." Evenings 8:15. A musical panorama in nine pictures.
 Casino Bway and 30th. Louise Gunning in "The Balkan Princess." Evenings 8:15. An imported musical novelty in three acts.
 Cohan's. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence-man.
 Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.
 Comedy, 41st bet. Bway and 6th Av. William Collier in "The Dictator." Evenings 8:30. A revival of William Collier's comedy.

Among the White Lights.



XXII.—MRS. FISKE AS "MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH."

Criterion, Bway and 47th. Francis Wilson in "The Bachelor's Baby." Evenings 8:15.
 Daly's, Bway and 30th. Robert Mantell in Shakspearean repertoire. Evenings 8:15.
 Folies Bergère, 46th St. W. of Bway. Vaudeville, Ballet, Cabaret Show. "More Parisian than Paris." Evenings 8:15.
 Gaiety, Bway and 46th. "Excuse Me." Evenings 8:15. A Pullman carnival in three sections, by Rupert Hughes.
 Globe, Bway and 46th. "Little Miss Fix-It," with Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth. Evenings 8:15. A comedy with songs.
 Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. Corse Payton's Stock Co. in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Evenings 8:15.
 Herald Square, Bway and 35th. "Every Woman." Evenings 8:15. A modern Morality play.
 Hippodrome, 6th Av. 43d and 44th. "Marching Through Georgia." Ballet of Niagara, The International Cup. Evenings at 8. Spectacular and circus acts.
 Hudson, Bway and 44th. Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." Evenings 8:30. A farcical romance by Avery Hopwood.
 Irving Place. Irving Place Theatre. Stock Company. In repertoire. Evenings 8:15.
 Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.
 Knickerbocker, Bway and 30th. Ralph Herz in "Dr. De Luxe." Evenings at 8:15. A musical mixture by the authors of "Madame Sherry."
 Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Christie Macdonald in "The Spring Maid." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy.
 Lyceum, Bway and 45th. Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." Evenings 8:15. An American comedy by Harry James Smith.
 Lyric, 42d W. of Bway. Melodrama, "The Lights o' London," by Geo. R. Sims, with Holbrook Blinn, Doris Keane and others. Evenings 8:15.
 Majestic, Bway and 50th. Raimondo Sarnella's Italian Comic Opera Co. and Corps de Ballet in "I Saltimbanchi." Evenings 8:15.

PUCK

Manhattan Opera House, 34th and 8th Ave. "Madame X," with original company and production. Evenings 8:15.
 Maxine Elliott's, 30th St. nr. Bway. "The Deep Purple." Evenings 8:15. A play built around the badger game.
 Nazimova's, 30th St. nr. Bway. John Mason in "As a Man Thinks." Evenings 8:15. A new play in four acts by Augustus Thomas.
 New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy *de luxe* founded on "La Satyre."
 The Playhouse, 48th and Bway. "Over Night." Evenings 8:15. "The long lingering laugh comedy."
 Victoria, 42d St. and Bway. Hammerstein's All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.
 Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. "A Certain Party," with Mabel Hite. Evenings 8:15. A rollicking musical farce.
 West End, 125th St. W. of 8th Av. "The Liars." Evenings 8:30. A modern comedy.
 Winter Garden, 7th Av. and 51st St. "La Belle Farge," with Kitty Gordon, Mlle. Dazie, Harry Fisher, and others. Ballet of Pierrots and Harlequins. Evenings at 8.

VERY FOXY.

A Fox was once seen to take a bunch of moss in his mouth and swim out into the river where, after sinking himself to the very point of his nose in the water, he let go of the moss and came ashore.

"No doubt," remarked a well-read bystander, "you did that to rid yourself of fleas, which were driven by the water to seek refuge in the moss."

The Fox glanced furtively and slinkingly about and around.

"Hist!" he whispered, with a sly wink. "I did it to make some people think that was what I did it for!"

Moral: There is no greater mystery than motive, take it up one side and down the other.



RARE VIEW IN THE METROPOLIS.

ENRAGED ACTOR WRECKING THE CAMERA OF A NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER WHO TRIED TO TAKE HIS PICTURE.

NOT BOYCOTTED.

LABELLOR.—Have you seen the walking-delegate's bride?

CARDER.—Yes.

LABELLOR.—Is she pretty?

CARDER.—No! Even he'd have to admit she's in the unfair list.



ALMOST UNBEARABLE.

MRS. FLYNN (at Casey's funeral).—Is n't it turrible?

MRS. DOLIN.—Ut is! There they have me wreath shtuck way over in wan corner, wid big Tim Kelly's gates ajar on top av ut, an' Mike Sheedy's broken column hiding ut intoirely!

The only one whose way seems to be getting any easier in this world is the transgressor.

A COURSE IN HEROISM.

GEORGE BORUP, the young Yale athlete who went with Peary to the Pole, shows what we've always contended: That you can take a college man and teach him the more real and virile joys of slamming an Eskimo in the slats, and yet he will go back to his books. After he had shinned up the Pole and played bridge all evening — three months, in the Arctic — he came home and wrote a book. But that isn't so bad. Admiral Peary did that, too, and Borup's *A Tenderfoot with Peary* is a good book almost as filled with slang as anything by Bernard Shaw or Mr. Dooley.

But after that he went back to Yale, and now, according to recent dispatches, he is taking a special graduate course in science at Yale to fit himself for further exploration.

Isn't it beautiful! Imagine George Borup, hero of the Desolate and Frozen Etcetera, facing a Polar bear. Stage setting: The Pole to the north, seven hundred feet of ice-chasm to the east, Dark Nothingness to the west, and four feet of bear's gullet to the south. What does he do? Does he move forward imaginatively, like our friend Dr. Cook?

Not he. He recalls that lecture in dear old New Haven, under the shadow of the ellums, when the Associate Professor in Psychosociological Heroism, including Office-Seeking and Exploring, told his class:

"Supposing, gentlemen, that you are facing a polar bear. (Will Sir Ernest Shackleton please stop reading that newspaper in class?) What do you do? You will recall that Herr Professor Doktor Licentiate Spitzbube, of Jena, on page

2597 of his—(you, Borup and Nansen, kindly stop playing in class!)—of his immortal work "Xhyekkwon von der Mshheotllk," remarks: 'In such a case it was the custom of Aristotle firmly mit-Zufriedenheit to grasp the bear by the dorsal vertebrae and, looking him—(Peary and Doc Cook! If you young gentlemen cannot stop kicking each other, you shall be reported to the Dean)—looking him in the eye, bite his left ear, kindly but firmly. This will confuse the bear sufficiently to permit the explorer to skin him and escape with the skin. Now, Borup, will you kindly recite to-day's assignment on 'A choice of typewriters and speeches on missionary work for African treks'?"

Never again will George Borup come back from the Arctic and write in slang. Next time his book will not be *A Tenderfoot with Peary*, but *Certain Animadversions on a Recent Novitiate with His Honorable Right Highness Admiral Peary During Certain Sojourns in His Majesty W. Taft's Arctic Domains*.

Can you beat it?

Sinclair Lewis.



IN 1300.

BROTHER GILES.—I tell you, this over-production of books is getting to be a great evil.

BROTHER ABSALOM.—You speak sooth. Look at Anselm, over there, finishing inscribing his third book since I have known him, and that is barely thirty-five years.

CASEY.—And Oi'll help ye, Mary. Shure, Oi'll begin savin' the bungs now, though 't will take a long toime to save enough to be av iny use.

HOPEFUL.

WAR VETERAN (in lawyer's office, making will).—Now, I guess that provides for all the family except my son Bill, so to him I want to leave my pension.

THE LAWYER.—But you know you can't do that, Henry.

WAR VETERAN.—Perhaps it ain't accordin' to law just now, Hezekiah, but there's no tellin' what turn the next pension raid will take!

HELP.

MISS CASEY.—And when we are married, papa, we are going to build a bungalow. We are saving for it now.

Milo

The
**Egyptian
Cigarette
of Quality**

**AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY**

At your Club or Dealer's
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.

PARIS GARTERS

No Metal can Touch You

For
**Summer
Comfort**

Look for the name
PARIS on every Garter

25-50¢
A. STEIN & CO. MAKERS
CHICAGO U.S.A.



THE MYSTERY OF TIME.

LITTLE ELSIE.—Mamma, did God make the world or Grandma first?

Club Cocktails

The Club brand represents the same high standard in Cocktails as the Hall mark in England and the Sterling in America do in silver.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.
Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular.
At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

RUDE HASTE.

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a catboat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tones: "Let go the sheet!" No response. Then again: "Let go that sheet, quick!" Still no movement. A few minutes after, when they were both clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said:

"Why did n't you let go of that sheet, when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more gently to your wife."—*New York Evening Post.*

"WHY do you weep over the sorrows of people in whom you have no interest when you go to the theatre?" asked the man.

"I don't know," replied the woman. "Why do you cheer wildly when a man with whom you are not acquainted slides to second base?"—*Washington Star.*



INVIGORATING
AND
REFRESHING



HUNTER WHISKEY
HIGH-BALL



Grateful and Comforting.



Sold at all first-class cafes
and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

HE.—To-morrow, darling, is our wedding-day.

SHE.—Yes, and it's bargain-day at Silkman's, too. Isn't it just too aggravating!—*Boston Transcript.*

HIS MOTTO.

"You go around borrowing money, and yet you seem to be prosperous."

"I am."

"How do you manage it?"

"My motto is: 'Always put off till to-morrow those you have done to-day.'"—*Toledo Blade.*

THE English Suffragettes have lost their census.—*Troy Times.*



HIGH LIFE
The Champagne
of Bottled Beer
BEER

BREWED BY MILLER AT MILWAUKEE



NOT PERFECT.

A horse-dealer was showing a horse to a prospective buyer. After running him back and forward a few minutes, he stopped and said to the buyer: "What do you think of his coat? Is n't he a dandy?"

The buyer, noticing that the horse had the heaves, replied: "I like his coat all right, but I don't like his pants."—*Tit-Bits.*

Boston
Garter



is highest grade—not only fits the leg, but will wear well in every part—the clasp stays securely in place until you release it.

See that Boston Garter is stamped on the clasp.

Made in three types, to suit any season, or taste.

Boston Garters Sold in Shops the World over, and Worn by Well Dressed Men.

Sample Pair, Cotton, 25c.; Silk, 50c.
Mailed on receipt of price.
GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS
BOSTON, U.S.A.

PROHIBIT THE FARMER.

Say, all you folks that vote for "dry," stop hitting at the top. Make "gladsome drinks" impossible if drinking you would stop. If there was nothing raised on earth alcohol containing 'T would stop the use of alcohol, instead of just restraining.

Pass a law 'gainst raising corn—corn whisky 't will abolish; Pass a law 'gainst raising rye, and all the folks admonish Against the raising of a crop of grain of any kind— And pass a law against the grape, and thus do 'way with wine.

Legislate 'gainst apple-trees; put peaches 'neath the ban; Strawberries and cherries, and everything that can Be made into intoxicants—and thus by extermination Save the people from themselves, by stopping all temptation.

Down with corn! Down with rye! The deadly apricot, Oranges and pineapples, the whole accursed lot. The farmer is the meanest man that ever lived, b'gum! For he raises all the things they use to make the demon rum!

Dan Morgan Smith.

A NEW YORK man has bought a farm in New Jersey, and will do his plowing by dynamite. We shall shortly hear of a back-to-the-city movement.—*Washington Star.*

Murine Eye Tonic has Won Many Friends for that "Morning After the Night Before" Feeling.

Pure, Healthful, Refreshing

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

"A GOOD turkey dinner and mince-pie," said a well-known after-dinner orator, "always puts us in a lethargic mood—makes us feel, in fact, like the natives of Nola Chucky. In Nola Chucky one day I said to a man:

"What is the principal occupation of this town?"

"Wall, boss," the man answered, yawning, "in winter they mostly sets on the east side of the house and follers the sun around to the west, and in summer they sets on the west side and follers the shade around to the east."—*Washington Star.*

SPORT ON THE TRAMS EXERCISING A PASSENGER.



VOICE FROM THE REAR.—Let her out a bit, Bill. He's gaining on us!

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE USUAL AFFECTION.

"What a very affecting piece, my dear," remarked the husband, as they returned from the suburban theatre the other night. "I suppose there was n't a dry eye in the house."

"I observed, however," said the wife, "that there seemed to be the usual number of dry throats."—*Tit-Bits.*

HOTEL
ST. DENIS
BROADWAY and 11th ST.
NEW YORK CITY

Within easy access of every point of interest. Half block from Wampanoag's. Five minutes' walk of Shopping District. NOTED FOR: Excellence of cuisine, comfortable appointments, courteous service and homelike surroundings.

Rooms \$1.00 per day and up
\$1.50 per day and up
With privilege of Bath
EUROPEAN PLAN
Table d'Hôte Breakfast - 50c
WM. TAYLOR & SON, Inc.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

YOU may talk about your "pet" brands, but right here is where you can start your tobacco education—where you can learn what a real smoke is.

Philip Morris English Mixture and Cut Plug

Everything that's good or possible in tobacco has been put into these brands. You can well risk a quarter for a trial two-ounce tin.

If your dealer does not stock Philip Morris English Mixture and Philip Morris Cut Plug, send us his name and 25 cents for tin of either brand.

PHILIP MORRIS & CO., Ltd.
418 West Broadway, New York City

Factories
New York Montreal London Cairo

PERHAPS NOT.

An instructor in a church school, where much attention is paid to sacred history, dwelt particularly on the phrase "And Enoch was not, for God took him." So many times was this repeated in connection with the death of Enoch that he thought even the dullest pupil would answer correctly when asked in examination: "State in the exact language of the Bible what is said of Enoch's death."

But this was the answer he got: "Enoch was not what God took him for."—*Brooklyn Life.*

BEGINNER.—Now you've seen my style. Do you think you can tell me what sort of a golfer I shall make?

PROFESSIONAL.—Yes sir, if you can stand the shock.—*World of Golf.*

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts, it will shine and it benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Heccker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Hookman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.



YOUNG LADY.—Well, Mrs. Higginbottom, and how are you getting on? Won't you have another piece of cake?

OLD WOMAN (with an eye to the ham sandwiches).—Well, Mum, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather have a taste o' summat as has droved breath!—*Punch.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Fizzers be used in making it: insures your getting the very best.

THE SHY BOARDER.

If landladies served flying-fish,
I do believe, by jing,
That every time they passed the dish
I'd only get a wing!
—*Evening Telegram.*

If landladies served Schweizer cheese
Or doughnuts, by my soul,
I know the best of each of these
I'd get would be the hole!
—*Youngstown Telegram.*

If landladies served Hamburg steak,
With "taters," leeks, and prunes,
I reckon, as the aftermath,
I'd only get the ruins!
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

TRY THIS.

"Oh yes," Mrs. Smith told us, "my husband is an enthusiastic archæologist. And I never knew it till yesterday. I found in his desk some queer-looking tickets with the inscription 'Mudhorse, 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were, he explained to me that they were relics of a lost race. Isn't it interesting?" —*Boston Traveler.*

THE MAKINGS.

FIRST PHYSICIAN.—Can you make anything out of the patient's trouble?

SECOND DITTO.—I think if we manage right we can make about five hundred apiece out of it.—*Baltimore American.*

"Of Ancient Lineage"

handed down from
1810 ancestry
OLD OVERHOLT RYE

a whiskey with a character—a delicious rich mellowness all its own
Well worth asking for—insisting upon, if necessary—by name

Distilled and Bottled in bond by
A. Overholt & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE SENTIMENT OF THE HARVEST

BLATZ
Private Stock
MILWAUKEE
THE FINEST
BEER EVER BREWED

FOOD VALUE,
time-honored quality,
delicacy of flavor and
character predominate

INSIST ON
Always "Blatz"
The Same Good Old

Correspondence invited direct.

VAL BLATZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE WIS.

FORMAL FUNCTIONS.

"Any feuds in your neighborhood?"

"Not now. We used to have a sociable fight occasionally, but some of our prominent citizens got too formal."

"Got too formal?"

"Yes, imported machine-guns." —*Kansas City Journal.*

CUTTING PROFITS.

"Where did you get your fur overcoat, doctor?" asked one of his patients.

"I got this when Mr. Burrows had appendicitis," the doctor replied.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Devotees of Auto Sport—encounter Cutting Winds—Dust and Cinders. Wise ones apply Murine after other ablutions and their Eyes respond to the Soothing "Two Drops." Greater Eye Ills are thus Prevented. Try Murine.

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE

STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self-adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Proves of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write TODAY.

Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 263, St. Louis, Mo.

New York Electrical School

Offers to men and boys a theoretical and practical course in applied electricity without limit as to time.

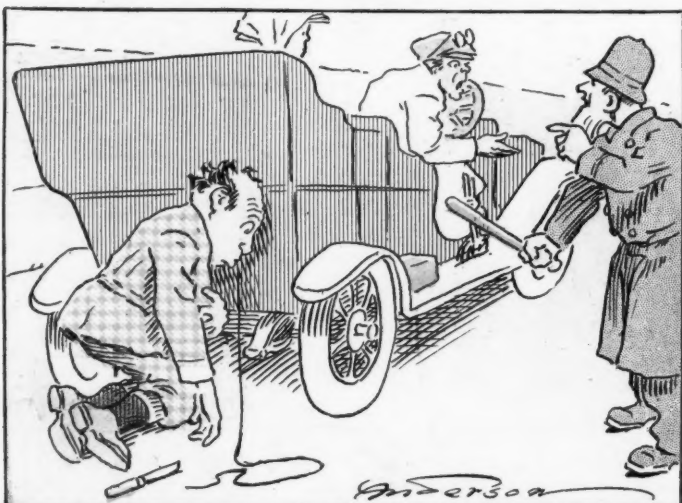
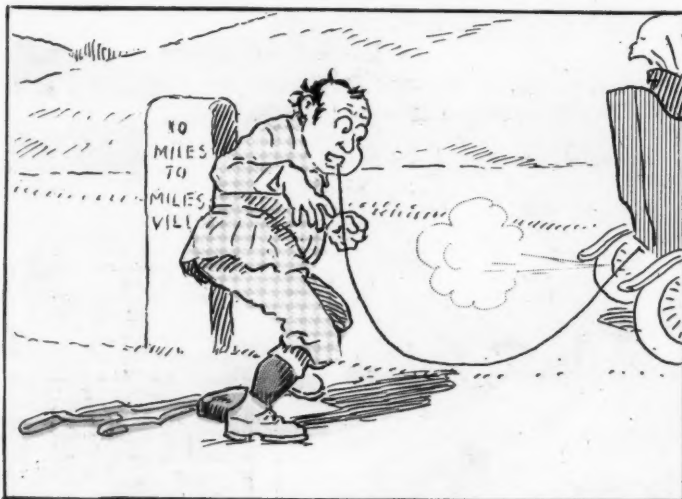
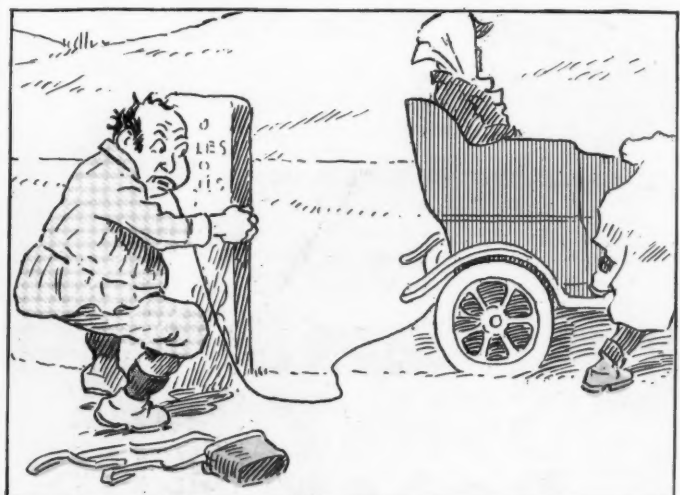
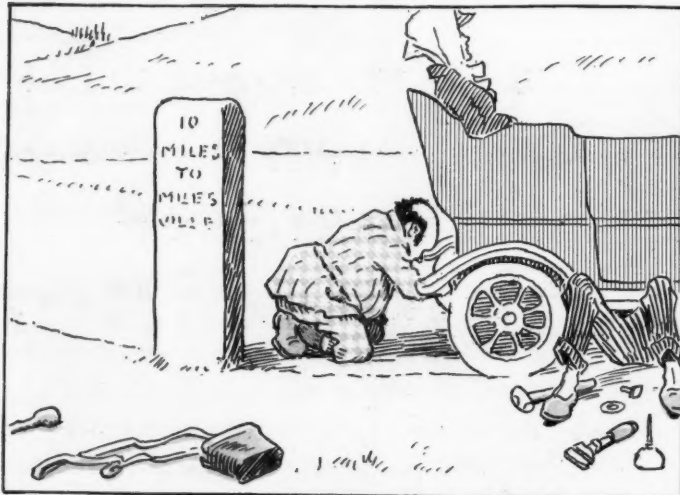
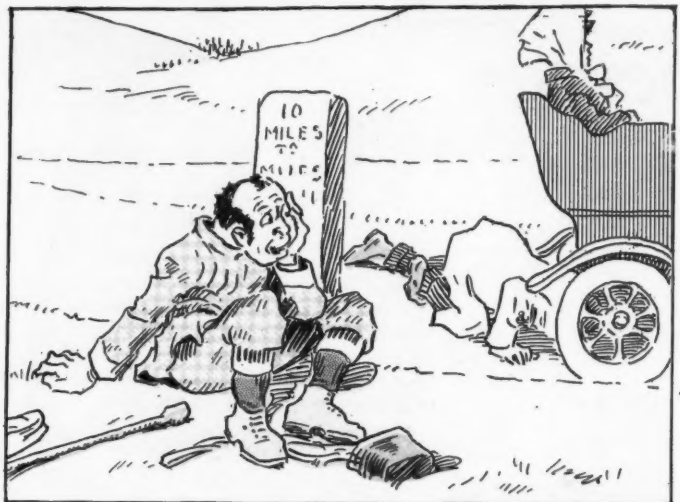
Instruction individual, day and night school, equipment complete and up-to-date. Students learn by doing, and by practical application are fitted to enter all fields of electrical industry fully qualified. School open all year. Write for free prospectus.

25 West Seventeenth St. NEW YORK

GOUT & RHEUMATISM

USE THE
GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE. 50c & \$1
DRUGGISTS.
OR 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Besides a Toothache He Had Cold Feet;



THE PUCK PRESS

SO NATURALLY HE FELT GRATEFUL WHEN HIS "DENTIST" WAS PINCHED FOR SPEEDING.

Egyptian Deities

The Utmost in Cigarettes

They have been judged upon merit and have created a standard
Cork Tips or Plain



HIS VIEW OF IT.

Paintings were not her specialty, but as she gazed at a beautiful copy of Millet's "Gleaners" her admiration of the work called forth enthusiastic comment.

"What a wonderful picture!" she exclaimed. "And how natural it looks! But what are those people doing?" she inquired, as she bent nearer to read the title. "O yes, I see—gleaning millet! How perfectly fascinating!"—*Tit-Bits*.

"WHY did you jilt that man who wanted to marry you?"

"Because," replied the prima donna, "I could n't make up my mind whether he was in love with me or merely wanted to hear me sing for nothing."—*Washington Star*.

"THERE is a belief that summer girls are always fickle."

"Yes. I got engaged on that theory, but it looks as if I'm in for a wedding or a breach-of-promise suit."—*Kansas City Journal*.



Upon the Strong Wings

of Quality and Purity over fifty years ago

"The Old Reliable"

Budweiser

mounted to the top of the world's bottled beers and never ending fidelity to Quality and Purity has kept it at the top—its mildness and exquisite taste also helped to build its popularity.

Bottled only at the
ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWERY
St. Louis, Mo.

ONE way to avoid publicity and attention is to become a bridegroom. —
Topeka Capital.



Healthful & Invigorating

SUNNY BROOK THE PURE FOOD WHISKEY

A Rich Mellow Beverage

For Sale Everywhere

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

"You pay too little attention to your personal appearance. Remember that clothes make the man."

"Yes, but for me the man says he won't make any more clothes!" —
Dorfbarber.

To Help
Summer Resorts
win trade and popularity is another
good feature of

Evans' Ale

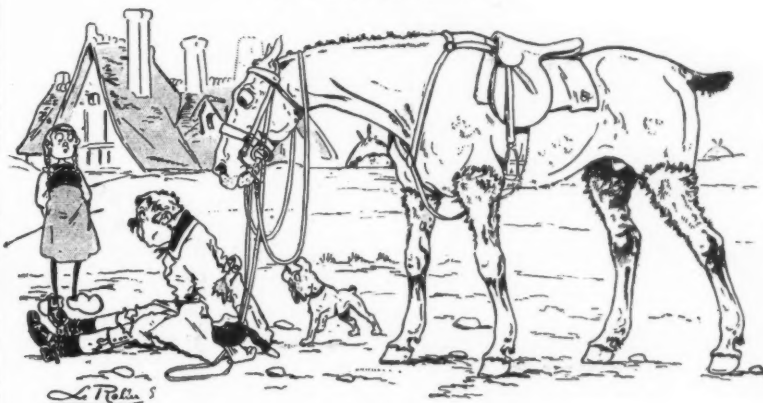
It is the favorite beverage of the Grand Army of Recreation Seekers and has made vacation days a glorious success for its followers. Opens the way to health, pleasure, strength, and longevity.

Now's the time to order Season's Supply.
C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.

HE.—The other night, at the dance, I took the same girl down to supper three times.

SHE.—She was very accommodating, wasn't she?—*Truth*.

A DOUBLE SHAME.



"O! And before a lady!—*Le Rire*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

A HELPLESS PROPRIETOR.

"Why don't you sell that old mule of yours?"

"Well, suh," replied Uncle Raspberry, "I jes' does n't dare. I has n't de face to sell him to one o' de neighbors, an' he would n't last for a drive long enough to sell 'im to a stranger." — *Washington Star*.

"Do you have any trouble in getting a maid?"

"Oh, no! I got ten last month." —
Philadelphia Bulletin.

THOSE harem skirts must be the Turkish atrocities we used to hear about.—*Washington Post*.

Caron's Bitters—One (1) pony glass before meals. Best tonic & Appetizer. No home without it.
Oct. C. Blache & Co.,
78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.



Free Guide Books

Write today. They tell you where to go to find just the kind of a good time you want. They describe the pleasures and pastimes of

New England Vacations

They give the location and altitude of every mountain, lake and seashore resort with detailed lists of 2,000 hotels and boarding houses, including rates and accommodations.

This Helpful Information FREE
If you write at once for one of these books.
Manual of Summer Resorts
N. Y., N. H. & Hartford R. R. Territory
New England Vacation Resorts
Boston & Maine R. R. Territory
Vacation Board and Summer Tours in Maine
Maine Central R. R. Territory
ADVERTISING BUREAU
Room 973, So. Station, Boston, Mass.
The New England Lines

BARBER.—Hair getting thin, sir. Tried our hair preparation?

CUSTOMER.—No; I can't blame it on that!—*Brooklyn Life*.

GOOD!

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

If there is a lone pipe-smoker, here or there, who has not smoked "Velvet," *this is for him!* "Velvet" has been aged in the leaf over two years, producing a mellowness quite rare in these "quick-work" days. Not a vestige of harshness remains in this superb leaf—it is the smoothest of all smokes. Never bites—never too hot—a sweet, cool, smooth smoke.

Fill your pipe with "Velvet" and smoke it the livelong day,—it's great!

AT ALL DEALERS

10^c

